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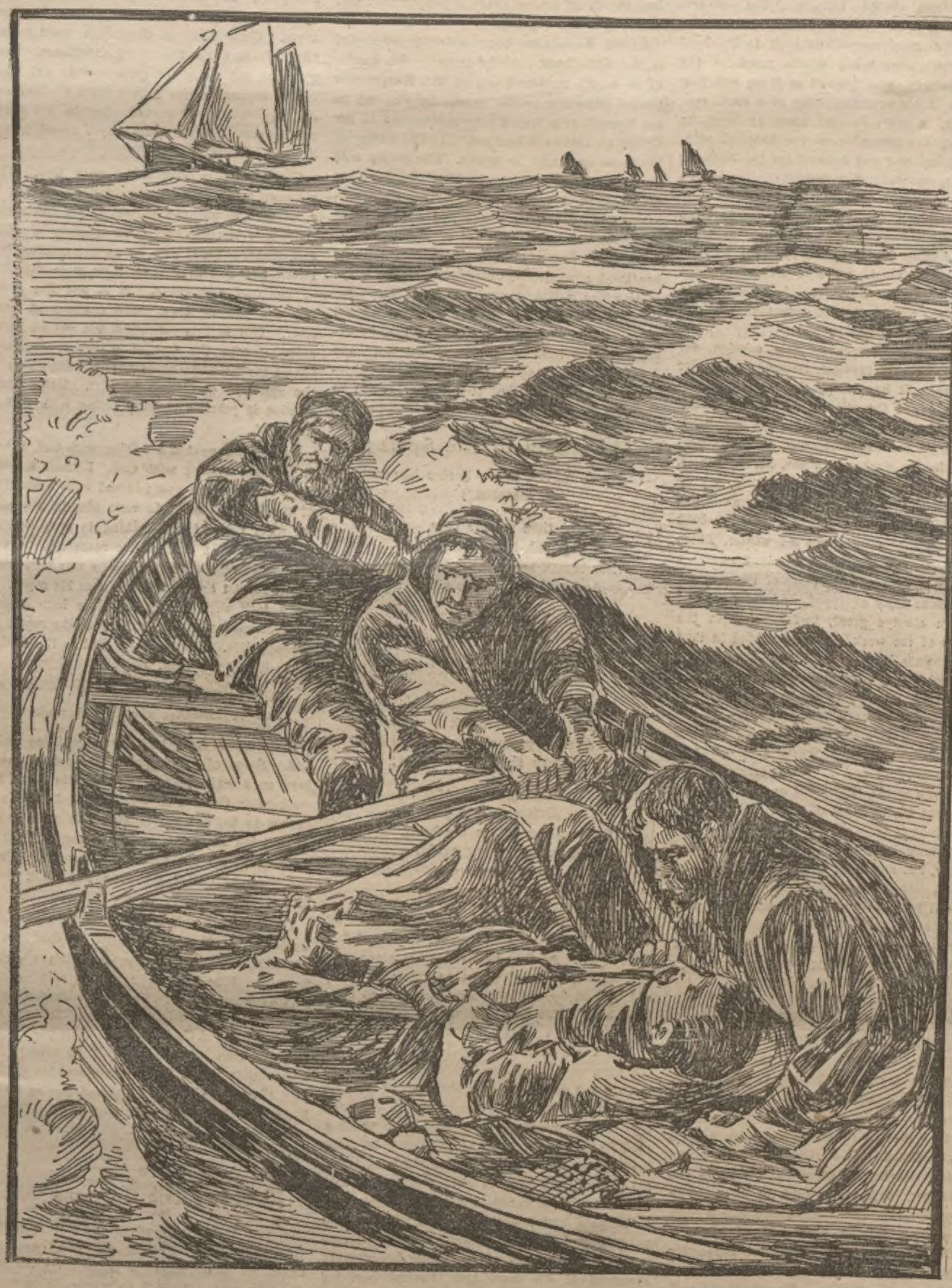

MAKING FOR THE HOSPITAL SHIP.

—From 'Toilers of the Deep.'

'I Was Sick, and ye Visited Me.'

When pain and sickness lay the strong frame low, or when anxious hearts see a young life ebbing away that some skilled help might save, what a boon the modern, well-equipped hospital is, with its wonderful appliances for lessening pain and promoting comfort. Little wonder that poor souls, to whom it comes as a haven of rest after noisy, close, comfortless surroundings, should exclaim, ''Tis heaven, that's what it is.'

But still more marvellous is it to think of such possibilities being within reach of the sick fisherman, who instead of lying suffering or dying in the wretched cabin of a small vessel, may, in some favored spots at least, be taken by his comrades to the hospital ship, there to find rest and comfort for the body, as well as sympathetic ministrations to the heart's deepest need.

The hospitals ships of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen are always close in attendance on the fishing fleets off the coast of Britain, and many a heroic scene is witnessed from their decks as brave men battle with boisterous waves, rowing a sick comrade to where alone he can be cared for.

The Labrador branch of this mission, for which we have in previous issues appealed for funds, while it has temporary hospital appliances on board the mission ship 'Strathcona,' has three hospitals on shore for the sick fisher folk, two on the Labrador coast at Battle Harbor and Indian Harbor, and one, St. Anthony's, on the north shore of Newfoundland, all of which are doing splendid service, though it has not as yet been found practical to keep both the Labrador hospitals open all winter. These hospitals, though they have received generous help from friends on both sides of the sea, are by no means fully equipped, and their current needs are always great, increasing with the extension of the work, so sorely needed in that bleak, desolate land.

Will not those who appreciate their privileges of being always in reach of medical aid when needed, who have 'freely received' of the good things of this life, bestow some thought on this needy work and 'freely give' of their means to support and extend it, remembering our Master's words, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me'?

A cot may be supported for a whole year for $50.00, but any sum, large or small, will be welcomed, to be used in the general expenses.

We will be glad to receive at this office, and forward to Dr. Grenfell for the mission work, any sums that may be sent in by readers of the 'Messenger,' and will promptly acknowledge all such receipts in these columns.

A Remarkable Conversion.

The following remarkable incident is related by Dr. T. D. Carruthers, the founder of an inebriate asylum at Hartford, Connecticut. Calvin B——, a wealthy New York merchant, was walking up Broadway, New York, sadly under the influence of opium, to which he was greatly addicted. He strolled into a bookstore in a half-sleeping condition, and said to the store-keeper, 'Give me a book to drive away the blue devils.' The man handed him a copy of the Rev. E. Payson Hammond's 'Conversion of Children,' a book written more especially to assist Christian parents and workers in leading children to the Saviour. The merchant paid for the book without knowing what it was, put it in his pocket and found his way to his beautiful home. There he threw himself on a lounge and was soon buried in slumber.

Awaking by and by, he said to his wife, 'Where is that book I brought with me?' She handed him the book. As he looked at it, and being no longer under the influence of the drug, he exclaimed, smiling, 'Why, that bookseller has played a joke upon me; the idea of his giving me that book to read!' On second thoughts he added, 'How can that be? He could not have known me; I must be a perfect stranger to him.' Still he took the book and read it. His wife was a Christian, and doubtless she lifted up her heart in prayer that God would give his blessing.

Calvin B—— soon became deeply interested in the little book. As he came to the middle of it, where he found one of Mr. Hammond's Gospel addresses to the young, he was led to see himself as a lost, guilty sinner, and to see Christ as the only Saviour. He fell down on his knees and cried for mercy. The prayer was heard and answered; the peace of God filled his soul. He at once abandoned the use of intoxicants and of opium, which had been ruining him soul and body.

Dr. Carruthers states that from that time he has lived a consistent Christian life. He keeps in his office in New York a supply of 'The Conversion of Children.' When any of his old companions in sin come into the office, he urges them to read it, saying it has been the means of his salvation, temporarily and spiritually, and praying that it may be blessed to them in like manner.

The Angel of the Spring.

(Mary A. Mason, in the Boston 'Congregationalist.')

O, didst thou see her pass,
On instant, living wing?
Her breath hath moved the grass,
And told the birds to sing;

Hath fashioned clouds on high
As ships with sails all set,
Afloat against the sky
In idle silhouette;

Hath warmed the pensive air,
And loosed the brook that flows,
And left a perfume rare
For every flower that grows;

And something sweet, apart,
That thrills akin to pain,
Hath stirred within the heart
And made it young again!

John Pounds.

John Pounds was only a lame cobbler, living in a poor room at Portsmouth: but he did a noble work. At first he lived quite alone, except for his birds, of whom he was very fond, and by-and-by his little nephew came to stay with him. This poor boy was a cripple, and could not walk or run about like other boys. It struck his uncle how much more pleasantly the time would pass for him if he taught him to read and write. And so he began to instruct him. As he went on, it occurred to the cobbler that it would be just as easy to teach a class as one pupil. And so gradually he filled his little room with all the children he could get hold of, and there taught them to read and to write and to count, and taught them, too, to be good and honest and true. And as the years passed, nothing pleased the old man so much as when some of his grown-up scholars appeared at his door, and thanked him for what he had done for them when they were ignorant, ragged boys.—'Waif.'

Little love, little trust; but a great love a great confidence.—Robert Leighton.

Communion With God.

'Enter into thy closet and find thy Father' is the message of Jesus. Seclusion is the first step of communion. Get alone with self and you will soon be ready to get in touch with God. We are too much with others; we are not enough with our own self. Moses climbed the mountain side for his tryst with Jehovah. So climb up some stairway that leaves behind the bustle and business and close your door and pray. God meets his children alone. What he wants to say to them, he will say to them alone. Communion is dependent upon seclusion. Jesus knew that from experience. How often he got away from the crowds and took to the mountains for a talk with his Father! He knew what was needed when he left those simple commandments on prayer found in the Sermon on the Mount.

Communion is first being with God. The message of Jesus to the Samaritan woman is a message of communion. 'God is a spirit and those who worship him must worship in spirit and truth.' There can be no communion between God and man until they come together in spiritual fellowship. It is not the place but the persons that make communion possible. 'Not in this mountain, not yet at Jerusalem' marks the end of places of worship. Christ makes communion possible anywhere if the spiritual conditions be met. Daily communion is possible if daily living with God is practiced.

Communion next is a talking with God. Prayer is heart-talking with God. I know a cripple who had spent years in bed with a wasting of the bones. Going to visit him in his garret room I heard him talking to some one in tender tones. I entered the room and no one was seen but the cripple. 'Who was here with you, Peter,' I asked. 'Jesus,' was his reply. 'I often talk with him when I lie here alone.' That bedridden cripple had found the secret of a happy life. Talking with God is the Christian's happy privilege.

'A little talk with Jesus,
How it smoothes the rugged road.'

Communion then becomes a walking with God. Some of our happiest heart-talks have been on a walk with a friend. Life is a long walk with God. The way of our life is unknown to us, but not to him. He goeth with us and his assurance is our strength. Christ's message to his disciples is 'Follow me.' That following of Christ means a life walk with him.

Communion means a walking with him. God's work is the Christian's daily mission. 'Co-workers with God' is the Apostle's cheering message. Men that work side by side usually become close friends. To work with God is to grow into fellowship with him. Perhaps no greater proof of Christ's union with the Father is given than when he said, 'I do always the things that please him,' and when his Father said of him, 'This is my Beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.' The working communion is the sort to be coveted.—'The Christian Intelligencer.'

Rubbing the Corners Off.

A poor Indian was asked one time what his conscience was. Putting his hand over his heart, he said: 'It is a little three-cornered thing in here. When I do wrong, it turns all around and hurts very much. If I keep on doing wrong, it will turn until it wears the edges all off, and then it will not hurt any more.'—'Bible Advocate.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

'One, Two, Three.'

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy who was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin, little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three.

'You are in the china closet!'
He would cry, and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china closet;
But he still had Two and Three.

'You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key'
And she said: 'You are warm and warmer;
But you're not quite right,' said she.

'It can't be the little cupboard
Where mamma's things used to be—
So it must be the clothes-press, Gran'ma!'
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One, and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three
—H. C. Bunner, in 'Scribner's.'

A Good Reference.

John was fifteen, and very anxious to get a desirable place in the office of a well-known merchant who had advertised for a boy. But he was doubtful of his success, because being a stranger in the city, he had no references to present.

'I'm afraid I shall stand a poor chance,' he thought despondently. 'However, I'll try and appear as well as I can, for that may help me a little.'

So he was careful to have his dress and person neat, and when he took his turn to be interviewed, went in with his hat in his hand and a smile on his face.

The keen-eyed man of business glanced him over and over from head to foot.

'Good face,' he thought, 'and pleasant ways.'

Then he noted the neat suit—but other boys had appeared in new clothes—saw the well-brushed hair and clean-looking skin. Very well; but there had been others here quite as cleanly. Another glance, however, showed even the finger-nails irreproachable.

'Ah, that looks like thoroughness,' thought the merchant.

Then he asked a few direct, rapid questions, which John answered as directly.

'Prompt,' was his mental comment. 'Can speak up when necessary. Let's see your writing,' he added aloud.

John took the pen and wrote his name.

'Very good, easy to read, and no flourishes. Now, what references have you?'

The dreaded question at last!

John's face fell. He had begun to feel some hope of success, but this dashed it again.

'I haven't any,' he said, slowly; 'I'm almost a stranger in the city.'

'Can't take a boy without references,' was the brusque rejoinder; and, as he spoke, a sudden thought sent a flush to John's face.

'I haven't any references,' he repeated, with hesitation; 'but here's a letter from mother I have just received. Would you mind reading it, sir?'

The merchant took it. It was a short letter:

'My dear John,—I want to remind you that, wherever you find work, you must consider that work your own. Don't go into it, as some boys do, with the feeling that you will do as little as you can, and get something better soon; but make up your mind you will do as much as possible, and make yourself so necessary to your employer that he will never let you go. You have been a good son to me, and I can truly say I have never known you to shirk. Be as good in business, and I am sure God will bless your efforts.'

'H'm!' said the merchant, reading it over the second time. 'That's pretty good advice, John—excellent advice! I rather think I'll try you, even without the references.'

John has been with him ten years, and now occupies a very responsible position.

'Is it a fact that you intend taking that young man into partnership?' asked a friend lately.

'Yes, it is, I couldn't get along without John; he is my right-hand man!' exclaimed the employer, heartily.

And John always says the best references he ever had was a mother's good advice and honest praise.—'The Family Friend.'

A Bird Story.

W. S. Reed, M.D., tells the story of a robin that took possession of a passenger coach which had been left for several weeks unused at East Thompson on the Southbridge branch of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railway. The robin built her nest on the framework of the trucks under the body of the car. The bird had been seen around the car by different employees of the road without their suspecting the presence of the nest until the car was coupled on and hauled to Southbridge. The mother followed the train, and on arrival brooded and fed her young, which were just hatched. She followed the train back on its return trip to East Thompson, where she again fed and housed the young birds. On the second trip of the train in the afternoon the bird again followed her young to Southbridge and back to East Thompson, where the car was side-tracked, and given into possession of the robin, rent free, until her family were grown.

The distance travelled by the bird in the two round trips was eighty-six miles. The kind-hearted conductor said if he had known the nest was there, he would never have taken the car out.—'Christian Register.'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

Grandmother's Turn.

(Zelia M. Walters, in the 'Christian Standard.')

'It's my turn to have a party now,' said Alice, 'but I do not care the least bit about it. I haven't any new ideas, and it's such a bother and no satisfaction to get up just a common party.'

'You lazy girl,' cried Clare; 'I wish it were my turn. I have some splendid ideas.

Mrs. Egbert, with her family of four lively girls and two livelier boys, had to limit the number of parties, and allowed each to give one in turn, with a fixed interval between.

'Girls,' said Hilda, suddenly, 'let's let grandma have her turn this time.' Hilda was the thoughtful one of the family.

'Why, do you think grandma would care for a party?' said Alice.

'I believe she would if we managed it right, and didn't give her a lot of worry and trouble,' said Hilda. 'Grandma is getting very old, and sometimes she looks tired and homesick. Perhaps we won't have a chance to do things for her much longer.'

The girls all looked serious by this time, and Alice exclaimed: 'Why, of course, grandma shall have a party, if you think she would care for it. I'm sure I shall be very glad to do all I can, and she is quite welcome to my turn!'

After some consultation with their mother, the girls decided that the party should be a small one, and invitations were sent to six of grandma's old friends. The china and silver that had been great-grandfather's gift to our grandma when she was a bride, were unpacked and got ready for service. There was an old, yellow note-book filled with recipes copied in grandma's neat handwriting before the day when printed cookbooks were common. With great diplomacy, Hilda borrowed the treasure-book of grandma, and the girls practiced on some of the recipes before the day set for the party.

They were not going to serve a fashionable luncheon, but an old-fashioned tea such as grandma used to serve to her guests. Hot buttermilk biscuits, cold roast chicken, sliced ham, pound cake and drop cakes, and, of course, preserves and plenty of tea.

The work was divided. Hilda undertook to learn to make tea to grandma's taste. Alice was to practice until she attained perfection in the making of biscuits, Clare knew she could roast the chicken properly, but to poor Maud fell the hardest task. She was to make the cakes, and the pound cake, at least, was too expensive to practice on.

It was to be a surprise to grandma. It really was not necessary for her to make any preparations. Her room was always in company order, and grandma herself always looked like an old-fashioned picture. So, there was no suggestion to make, and grandma sat placidly knitting on the afternoon of her party.

When the first visitor came, Maud took her to grandma's room. Grandma was in a flutter of pleased excitement, for her friends did not come often. When the second old lady arrived grandma was plainly very much surprised.

'How fortunate that you happened to come to-day, Mrs. Lane,' she said. 'There are three of us now, quite a little party.'

But when two more guests were ushered in, grandma looked about so helplessly that Maud felt it was time for explanations.

'We thought it was your turn to have a party, grandma,' she said, 'so we planned one for you to-day.' Then she hurried from the room.

The old ladies were left to enjoy the after-

noon in their own way. Mrs. Egbert went in to add her cordial welcome to grandma's own guests, but she remained only a few minutes.

'It's just too lovely to see them,' Hilda reported. 'They are sitting there so cozy and comfortable. Some of them brought their knitting along, and they are telling funny stories and laughing just as we girls do. I would like to have stayed, if we had not agreed to relieve them of our presence.'

When it was time to serve the five o'clock tea, the girls surveyed the results of their labor with justifiable pride. And grandma and her guests declared that it was just like old times.

'I congratulate you, young ladies,' said stately old Madam St. Clair. 'If this is a sample of your skill, you will be as notable housewives as your grandmother was.'

And grandma beamed her delight at this.

In the evening, when the company was all gone, Mrs. Egbert came downstairs and told the girls that grandma wanted to see them before she went to bed. They found her sitting before the fire with a happy smile on her face.

'I want to tell you how happy you made me this afternoon,' she said. 'The party was delightful, just what I would have wished, and all the arrangements were perfect. But that was not the best part. I know now that my girls think of grandma, for they took the time to plan and work for me. It has done my heart good, and I think we shall understand each other better after this.'

They sat down and talked with grandma for a half hour, and then went downstairs.

'I'm very much ashamed that we never thought of it before,' said Hilda.

'And to think that she cared for our company all the time,' said Maud; 'I thought we would annoy her if we went to her room very often.'

'Well, at any rate, we won't be so stupid again,' said Clare.

And the others echoed, 'No, indeed.'

'Honor Bright!'

'Yes, mother, I will, honor bright! Did you ever know me to break my promise?'

'No, no, my son, I never did.' And Mrs. Dunning stroked the soft brown curls lovingly, as she looked down into honest eyes that had never, in all Harry Dunning's fifteen years, failed to look straightforwardly back into hers.

'Well, mother, you never will. I'll be home by ten, sure. Now, I'm off.' And Harry sprang down the steps, and was away like an arrow.

His chum, Arthur Mayhew, had invited him to a birthday party; and Arthur's invitations were always accepted by his boy and girl friends, for Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew, and grown-up sister Nell, had to perfection the knack of making a good time for young folks.

No wonder that Harry could not believe his own eyes when, in the height of the fun he looked up, and saw the hands of the clock pointing to a quarter of ten. No one looked as though even thinking of going home. But Harry's 'honor bright' promise rang in his ears. Nobody guessed the struggle that was going on in the boy's heart, as he mechanically performed his part in the merry game. 'Why can't I stay until the rest go? Don't I work hard enough? And I haven't had an evening out for weeks.'

'It isn't late,' he thought, irritably. 'Mother's only nervous.' Then his cheeks reddened, and he straightened up quickly.

'Who had a better right to be nervous?' he thought, fiercely, as though fighting an invisible foe. His sweet, invalid mother. And he knew little May was not well. She had been fretful all day. And he had promised. Abruptly he excused himself, bade hasty good-nights, and sped away across the fields, putting on his reefer as he ran. His mother met him at the door.

'May is worse,' she whispered huskily. 'It's croup. Run for the doctor—quick'

And Harry ran—ran as he never dreamed he could. The old doctor, electrified by the boy's breathless energy, harnessed old Jim, with Harry's help, in an incredibly brief time, and drove off down the hill at a pace that brought night-capped heads from darkened windows, and caused many a conjecture as to who was sick down in the 'holler.'

The keen-eyed old man looked very serious as he bent over May. But he was a skilled physician, and before long the little girl was breathing easily again.

'But let me tell you,' he said, impressively, 'ten minutes later it wouldn't have been very much use to call me or anyone else.'

Harry listened silently, but when they were once more alone, he drew his mother down by his side on the shabby little sofa, and told her of the resisted temptation.

'And, O mother,' he concluded, 'I'm so glad I kept my promise, "honor bright!" I feel as though I just escaped from being a murderer.'

'I have perfect confidence in my brave, true laddie,' said the happy mother, stroking the bonnie head on her shoulder.—'The Sunday school Messenger.'

Novel Reading.

Some one very well says that 'it is nothing to boast of to be up in all the latest novels.' Boys and girls should make up their minds to be ignorant of nine-tenths of the sensational novels put upon the market to-day. Too much novel-reading for young people is one of the worst dissipations. It impoverishes and enfeebles the mind, and wastes sympathies needed for the real sufferings of the world on that which is imaginary and which never energizes. Read biography; read the lives of those who have done something worth remembering, who have had noble ambitions and have translated them into deeds. Read travels, and learn all you can of the varied charm and interest of the world's scenery and peoples. Read a few of the masterpieces of fiction that have lived and will live; read the great poets and memorize some of their finest passages. Don't let it be your chief ambition to enrich your materials or mental wardrobe with 'silk waists and sweep-skirts.' Richer things may be yours for the seeking, things that neither moth nor rust can corrupt, things that neither time nor life's sorrows and vicissitudes can ever steal.—'The Children's Friend.'

Oh, who can stretch himself in ease,
Before the world's most glorious deeds
In indolence can bow?
When martyrs, saints and heroes all
Do after him unceasing call?
'O Idler, what art thou?'
—From the German.

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Faith's Soup-kitchen.

(Mary Almira Parsons, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Snap, snap went the great white sheets. Jofie's little aprons threw their tiny arms gayly toward the blue sky, and every towel and handkerchief tugged valiantly at the wooden pins, as if eager to be free to fly away with the high wind for a merry frolic.

But the little washwoman's face was long and sober. Not one twinkle of satisfaction was there at the thought that her line was full of snowy garments before even Mrs. Tripps, her most enterprising neighbor and weekly rival, could appear on the scene with her first basket of white, steamy clothes.

'Faith!' called a tremulous voice.

'Yes, father, in a minute,' she replied, cheerily enough, but lingered pretending to fasten again a refractory clothespin, in reality whisking away a tear from the end of her nose, and then another, and still another.

'If only my name wasn't Faith,' she sobbed, miserably. 'It's dreadful to have a name that preaches at you all the time. I hate it. I haven't any faith; everything keeps getting worse and worse and no chance of anything better,—oh, mother!' There was a note of longing and loneliness in those last two words that would have touched the hardest heart and would have told better than words why the little washwoman hid her face in the great wet sheet and wept tears of bitterest grief and discouragement.

Poor little faithless Faith! Ah, well, the year had been a hard one and long, a year of keenest test and trial, and Faith had borne it well. But the clouds had thickened, troubles and cares multiplied, until even a wiser head than Faith's might have been troubled, a stouter heart have faltered.

It had been just such another bright, gusty day when it had first been made apparent to her that her mother was failing rapidly. Of course school had to be given up, and with it many a bright plan for the future, for Faith was an ambitious girl and had her own secret aspirations for a broad and noble life, but the sacrifice was made so cheerfully that even her mother scarcely suspected the cost. For a time, under Faith's loving care, Mrs. Duncan seemed to grow stronger, but the improvement was only temporary, and with the passing of the springtide she had left them peacefully, almost restfully, leaving for Faith's young shoulders the burden which had become too heavy for her own.

'I do not ask you to promise to be good to the children, Faith,' she had said, 'for I know you will do your best.' And Faith had done her best, working early and late so that her father should always find the little home bright and tidy, and the children miss as little as might be the mother's watchful care. She had hoped to find time to study, but the care of a family of seven left but little possibility of this. Even when she sat down for the mending or sewing there was little Jofie to amuse and Faith had not the heart to turn her away. Then had come a heavier trial still—her father's terrible fall, the long weeks in which at any moment the sick man might slip away from them, the slow, almost imperceptible coming back to life, a recovery without joy to the sick one, for with it had come the consciousness that he would never regain his strength and that before them as a family was only the prospect of bitter poverty. Even now the coal bin was nearly empty, the supply of vegetables in their little cellar was dangerously low and only that morning Joe had declared 'that Jack Frost wasn't half smart if he couldn't pinch his toes, for he could do

it himself with such a large hole in the toe of his boot.' Joe treated misfortunes as a joke, but Faith's heart had sunk as she had noted the shabby footwear of her little family and remembered how very light the family purse was becoming. So you see it was no wonder at all that the little washwoman was heavy-hearted, for who of us can bear to see our loved ones suffer for want of the necessities of life?

'I must earn some money,' she was thinking, 'but how? I can't leave father, and there doesn't seem to be anything I can do at home.'

'Cheer up! cheer up!' called a robin from the big elm, and then sped away through the blue sky, too busy or too glad to wait to see whether his advice was taken.

Father looked up and the sun took advantage of the opportunity to beam out from behind a passing cloud. Involuntarily Faith's face brightened. The March wind hastened to dry her cheeks and rumpled her hair in the bargain, but after all, this rough treatment proved a good tonic, for Faith laughed as she caught up bag and basket and carolling gayly back to the robin, ran toward the house.

'What is it, father?' she asked, brightly, as she came into the living-room.

The sick man turned wearily from the window.

'I thought a sup of that broth might hearten me up a bit,' he said. 'If I don't get back my strength soon I don't know what is to become of us.'

'You just mustn't get to worrying, father,' said Faith, who had put a very 'cheerful courage on.' 'Things are sure to come out right in the end.'

'There can't be much money left now, and there's the doctor's bill and the medicines to pay for,' the feeble voice grew faint with each anxious thought.

'There, there, father,' said Faith, soothingly. 'Don't think about it now; just try this broth. How good it smells!'

'It is very good, lass, but are you sure you are as saving as you can be, Faith?'

'Oh, father, it was just a few cents for the beef, the cheapest kind, and the vegetables all from our own garden.'

'There, there, I might a' known you'd be prudent, lass, but I can't help worryin', for if I can't get well I might better ha' gone than stay to be a burden to ye.'

'Oh, father, don't say that!' cried Faith, throwing her arms about his neck and pressing a wet cheek against the grizzled face. 'How could we bear it to have you and mother both gone, and how could I have brought up the children alone? We will all be glad to work. Sandy is a great, strong boy, and he is so anxious to find a job of some sort, and now that spring is here we won't need fires much longer and can live more cheaply,' forgetting as readily as do the robins that after a bright March day may come an April snow.

'Now, father shouldn't a' spoken so, dear. It's been a hard pull, but you've been a brave lass, and,— why here are the children, hungry as bears, I'll warrant.'

In they tumbled, sniffing the air ravenously. The house seemed suddenly full of boys, or were they whirligigs?

'There's a job at Hawkins. I'm going right up there,' cried Sandy, as he dragged a chair with noisy haste to the table and began at once munching a piece of bread, it being the only eatable in sight.

'Oh, I'm so glad Sandy, I do hope you'll get it,' cried Faith. 'Here's some soup, and, oh, Sandy do hurry.'

'Sure' said the obliging Sandy, although the invitation to greater haste seemed quite unnecessary, as he was already well under way with his second slice of bread.

At that moment Margie came in bringing a delicate, richly-dressed child, who watched half-awed the rough, frolicsome ways of the boys.

'How do you do, Gracie, won't you have some dinner with us,' asked Faith, hospitably.

'No, thank you, I have had my lunch at school, but I wasn't hungry,' explained Gracie, who was a source of infinite anxiety to her mother, two grandmas and a half dozen aunts because of this same lamentable lack of appetite.

Nevertheless this petted nursling now stood gazing wistfully, nay longingly at the poorly-spread table. Something smelled very, very good, and what a delightful time they were having. To be sure it was very ill-bred of Sandy to blow his soup, but how long would you expect a famished lad to wait for it to cool and perhaps lose a job besides. And could anything be more charming than to float biscuit-boats and make caves in your baked potatoes, as Tom and little Jofie were doing. The longer Gracie watched them the hungrier she became.

'This soup tastes like more,' cried Joe, facetiously, as he ran to the kettle to help himself.

'Better come, Gracie,' said Faith, smiling, and Gracie yielded, and was given a safe seat between Faith and Margie. What a dinner it was, what gay pranks and jolly laughs and chatter. How cunning Jofie was, and what funny speeches little Tom made, and how they ate! Bless me, how they ate! No wonder Faith thought anxiously of the cellar with its scanty supplies. You'd have said they needed a cellar as large as a church to store up a winter's supply for that family. And wonder of wonders, Gracie got her full share of that dinner, though no wonder after all, for what appetizer is half so good as eating with half a dozen healthy, hungry children. One soon learns to make quick choice and get sure possession of one's own share, otherwise there is sad danger of leaving the table hungry but wiser.

The boys finally rushed away, leaving Faith and the little girls for a quieter, more leisurely finishing.

'Don't you have to take any medicine? My mamma gives me two kinds of tonics,' said Gracie, with just pride in her small ailments, though secretly relieved to have one day's respite.

'A good laugh is our tonic,' said Faith, very wisely.

'It's a great deal nicer,' sighed Gracie, wistfully. 'I wish I could come every day. It was the loveliest dinner.'

'Faith is the best cook I know,' said Margie, loyally, and Faith smiled, then looked thoughtful. Could she? Could she? Why not, if Gracie really liked it. She rose to clear away the dishes, but her brain worked excitedly. If Gracie really liked to come there to dinner, her mother could well afford to pay for it, and that would be something, anyway.

'Gracie,' she said, eagerly, as the little girls were starting for school, 'tell your mother that you like our dinners, and we would like you to come every day if she is willing.'

A week later, as Dr. Brandt sat by the sick man feeling his pulse and apparently listening to the plaintive recital of symptoms, he looked about the little room and at the deft, trim little housekeeper with keen interest and some amusement. 'She is a nice little housekeeper,' he thought, 'and just the kind of a girl that children take to,' for he had often remarked the gentle, motherly way in which she watched over and cared for her little brood. As Faith stepped outside to the pump he heard her singing as happily as a bird, but she was demure enough as she again entered the living-room.

'So you have set up a soup-kitchen for the famished rich, have you?' said the doctor with a twinkle in his eye. 'Can you take a few more?'

'Oh, yes,' cried Faith, eagerly.

'My wife would like our Helen to try it for a few weeks; the long walk home at noon is rather hard for her after her sickness. It could go on the bill, you know, and I have two more,—one is Conway's boy. Conway leaves him too much to that lazy housekeeper's tender mercies, and then wonders why his boy is not like other boys. Can't bring a boy up on toast and tea and marmalade.'

'Could I do it, doctor?' Faith's cheeks were crimson with excitement.

The doctor smiled kindly down upon her.

'If you can satisfy that finicky Trowbridge child you can do anything,' he replied, 'and I'll thank you to do it, too. I am too busy to spend all the spring dosing a set of little pale-faces when all they need is plain, homely, nourishing food and no petting. My wife is coming over to talk it over with you. She has a dozen suggestions to make if you will take them. She wants you to sell cocoa and milk, five cents each, to children who bring their own lunch. Mr. Duncan here could bale it out while you tended to your little aristocrats. You might pick up quite a bit in both ways.'

What a faithless Faith she had been, and how wonderful, the way was opening before her. Faith smiled joyfully at her father as she clasped his hand, but there were tears in her eyes.

'It looks as though we were coming out into the light, Faithie,' said her father—how strong and happy his voice was. 'The way has been pretty dark, doctor, and it has been harder every day to sit here helpless and see nothing between my children and starvation. But if there is something I can do to help, even a little, 'twill be like a medicine. I feel stronger already.'

'Starvation! Stuff!' exclaimed the doctor. 'If a half dozen healthy children can't keep themselves from starving in a place like this they don't deserve to live. No, don't thank me; I'm too busy. Good-day.'

Held Fast in a Bottle.

'When I was a little boy,' remarked an old gentleman, 'somebody gave me a cucumber in a bottle. The neck of the bottle was small, and the cucumber so large that it was not possible for it to pass through, and I wondered how it got there. But out in the garden, one day, I came upon a bottle slipped over a little green fellow that was still on the vines, and then I understood. The cucumber had grown in the bottle. I often see men with habits that I wonder any strong, sensible man could form, and then I think that likely they grew into them when they were young and cannot slip out of them now; they are like the cucumber. Look out for such bottles, boys.'—'Michigan Christian Advocate.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is May, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Mirror's Fault.

Let us not be afraid to speak the hearty, direct word of praise, when we can do so with entire truthfulness. Discriminating appreciation is a very different thing from flattery, and is worthly of cultivation.

I recall that the first week of a summer holiday was really marred for a sensitive and rather self-distrustful girl by the revelations of the small mirror in her room. Without actual distortion her face looked back at her with a most unattractive, greenish pallor. All the pretty ruffled gowns, fashioned by mother's loving fingers, proved alike unbecoming and a very great disappointment. 'That is such a pretty gown,' one of the older boarders remarked one day, 'and just your color.' And the girl found herself impulsively pouring out her disappointment in it, and breathing a faint hope that it might be partly the fault of her glass.

'Come into my room,' said this woman, with ready sympathy. 'I have a good, correct mirror.' And the young girl went in and was comforted. 'Come and use it whenever you feel like it,' continued her new-found and sympathetic friend.

A mere trifle? Yes, it was; but the kindly possessor of that correct mirror lived gracefully in the girl's memory long months afterward.—'Young People.'

My Greatest Blunder.

In the Crerar Library, Chicago, is a book in which five hundred men, out of work, have written of 'the greatest blunder of their life.' It is a collection made by Dr. Earl Pratt. Here are some of them. They may prove a word in season to some erring reader.

'Didn't save what I earned.'

'Self-conceit, and not listening to my parents.'

'Did not as a boy realize the value of an education.'

'Spent my money foolishly when I was earning good wages.'

'My greatest blunder was when I left school in the fifth grade.'

'The greatest blunder of my life was when I took my first drink.'

'Was to fool away my time when at school.'

'The turning point in my life was when at fifteen I ran away from home.'

'Did not realize the importance of sticking to one kind of employment.'

'When I let myself be misled in thinking that I need not stick to one thing.'

'If I had taken better care of my money I would be in better health and morals.'

'One of the greatest blunders of my life was not to perfect myself in one of the lines of business I started out to learn.'—The 'Epworth Herald.'

Constantinople Dogs.

How shall I describe them? I should call them brownish-yellow fox-hounds. I relieve my bosom of the indignant wrath which I have accumulated against their detractors. How much I have heard about the ferocity of these dogs! Some actually warn tourists to provide stout sticks to protect themselves against them. What a groundless calumny! Why, these dogs are as meek and quiet as a stout city man on Sunday morning! Either the writers of some books have drawn on their imaginary fear, or these dogs have recently acquired a moral reformation of character!

There they are, thousands of them; you see a pack in every street. They are the only scavengers of the dirtiest system in the world. All sorts of refuse is thrown into the streets at nightfall, and these dogs eat it before daybreak. Here is a strange problem for veterinary surgeons. These dogs have the most offensive food, and yet they have no sign of the diseases from which English dogs suffer. They are strong and vigorous. Is it that constant life in the open air, without muzzles or collars or leashes, is a panancea? They are everywhere; you are in constant danger of tumbling over them as they lie, with their eyes shut, in all sorts of attitudes on the sides of the streets. The metropolitan and the city police combined could not make sleepy, contented, amiable creatures 'move' on.'

As important public officials everybody treats them with grave deference. Their puppies lie around them, or waddle slowly about, gazing at you with melancholy appealing eyes, but the idea of getting out of your way never appeals to them. They and the little Turkish babies tumble about in the gutters and on the narrow muddy walks. They are too good, or too lazy to chase a side cat. But—if any dog strays beyond the unmarked but well-known limit of his beat—ah! he never repeats that unpardonable offence, for he never returns! Before you realized what had happened, the barking and yelping are over, and the hapless intruder is a corpse. In this the dog of Constantinople is singularly like his master.—From the 'Morning Lands of History.'

Pietro.

THE STORY OF A CANARY BIRD.

(Julia A. E. Buck, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

The story of Pietro, or Peter, as he was commonly called, is true; and the dear little ball of down and feathers was a real bird, given to me in my childhood.

Peter was a full-blooded German, though his name is Italian. His education was entirely in the English language, and he came nearer to actually speaking than any other little bird I have known or have ever heard of. It often seemed as if he were trying in his quaint way to scold, reprove, or praise us, as the case might be.

He was a delicately formed little fellow, with light lemon-colored cap and vest, white wings and tail, and a much deeper shade of yellow on his back between his wings.

He possessed a wonderfully clear, sweet voice, and, if you were in another room you would often think there were several birds singing instead of one.

Peter was given to me at a time when I was to some extent an invalid in the home of my grandparents, and so I had many hours to spend in teaching him.

His education was not brought about by harsh measures, but always by kindness and gentleness.

When night came on, I would bring out his small willow cage; and as soon as he saw it he would enter it. In it were always to be found a dish of seed and a cup of water for his lunch during the night or in the early morning, should he need it. His cage was then placed on the foot of my bed and securely fastened there.

If I was late in rising, he reminded me that it was time to get up, by his constant calling, which sounded to all who heard him very much as if he said, 'Pretty quick, pretty Peter.'

Grandma was accustomed to taking a nap in her rocking-chair every day after dinner. Peter had been taught that during this time silence was to reign in the bird-cage as well as outside. So, when the time came, he made preparations as if he were going to sleep—though I think he never did go to sleep. If the nap was usually long, and he became hungry or thirsty, he dropped quietly to his lower perch, and refreshed himself, and then as quietly returned to his former position.

One day, while sewing, I accidentally dropped the shears, which, of course, made no small noise. Immediately Peter left his perch and, coming over to the side of the cage nearest to me with drooping wings and snapping eyes scolded me soundly, as if saying: 'I am surprised at you; I am obliged to keep still, and so ought you. Now don't let this happen again.'

He was accustomed to being out of his cage as much as he was in it, or even more; and often on entering the room, if I did not see him, I said, 'Where is Peter?' and he would fly near me, and answer with a cheerful little chirp. If I pretended that I did not see him, and said, 'Where can Peter be?' he flew up on a chair or table by my side, and, standing very straight, sang one of his sweetest songs. Still looking in another direction, I said, 'Where do you suppose Peter is?' He would then fly to my shoulder and sing an ear-splitting tune. Still not noticing him, I said, 'Where can that bird be?' Then he always flew up, and perched on top of my head, singing, if possible, louder than ever. After that I always took him down and petted him to his heart's content.

Whenever I held him close to my cheek, and told him to kiss me, he touched my cheek lightly with tip of his tongue.

I often took my little pet out into the yard, and set him on a rose-bush, on the ground, or on the walk, where he enjoyed picking up bits of gravel. But, if I went many yards away from him, he came very anxious, and, giving a little nervous chirp, flew to me at once, lighting on my shoulder or hand apparently afraid of losing me.

On several occasions I carried him in my hand to the homes of our neighbors, who always looked astonished at what they thought imprudence in me, thinking the little creature would betake himself to flight and be seen by me no more.

Twice when I was absent from home some one by accident left his cage door open in a room where the windows were up; and he went out to try his wings, or possibly to search for me.

One one of these occasions he was gone more than an hour before my grandmother knew of his absence. When she made the discovery, she was greatly alarmed, and, going out into the garden, began calling 'Peter, Peter, Peter.' Then she listened and heard a canary singing far off among the trees. Again she called, and as she listened the singing seemed to be nearer. So she continued calling, and in a little while Peter flew down and lighted on a plant at her feet; and she took him up and carried him back to the house. He shook his feathers, and seemed delighted to be home again.

The other time he was not gone so long, and my grandmother found him standing on the fence at the side of the yard in the shade of a grape-vine, singing lustily, and again he was made a willing captive.

(To be continued.)

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

LITTLE FOLKS

A New Game.

The twins' cousin, Percy Saunders, had come up to Perryville to spend a week. After breakfast the three boys went out to the barn, where the twins ran up ladders, and walked the narrow crossbeams thirty feet above the floor as unconcernedly as if they were on the ground.

Percy caught his breath.

'Oh, I wish I could do that! I'd love to do all those things, but

mamma won't let me because it makes me dizzy.'

'Oh, it's as easy as pie. See me fly.'

And Albert took a flying leap of fifteen feet into the hay, followed by his brother.

Then they compared muscles, and found that Percy's were 'awfully flabby.' Their own were like iron. But 'showing off' soon palled on all three boys, and they began to wonder what they could play.

'I made up a game the other day,' said Percy.

'Tell us how you play it,' said the twins together, eager for some novelty.

'Well, it's a kind of tag. I'll be it, and I'll start to run after you just the same as I would in tag.'

As he spoke the twins, who had been lying in the hay, jumped to their feet and ran out of the barn.'

'Hold on,' said Percy. 'I must tell you something about it first. As I run after you I holler out a letter of the alphabet, like C, and then if you think of an animal whose name begins with C, and shout it, I can't tag you; but if you don't shout, then I tag you, and you're it, and must run after the others and holler out a letter. Now you start, and I'll follow.'

The boys had not run more than fifty feet before they found that, whatever else he could not do, Percy could certainly run. He was almost upon Herbert before he shouted, and then he yelled 'C!' as before.

Herbert waited until Percy reached out his hand to tag, and then shouted, 'Seal!'

'Tag!' said Percy, with a burst of laughter.

'That's not fair,' said Herbert. 'I said, 'Seal,' before you touched me.'

'But seal doesn't begin with a C.; it begins with an S,' said Percy, soberly.

'How about sealing? Isn't that ceiling?'

'The plaster one is, but hunting the animal isn't,' said Percy, with authority.

'He's right, Bert,' said Al, who had run up. 'You're it, fast enough.'

'Very well,' said Bert. 'Ready!'

And the two fled before him. He pursued Percy, who ran fleetly out into the road.

After a long chase, Percy stubbed his toe, and Herbert gained enough on him to call out 'G!'

'Gnu,' yelled Percy.

But, with a derisive laugh, Herbert closed on him and tagged him.

'I didn't say, 'N;' I said, 'G!'

'And I said, "gnu—g-n-u,"' said Percy, simply.

'Say, a fellow needn't ever get caught if he spells that way,' said Bert, angrily. 'G-p-o-n-y—pony. That's dead easy.'

But again Al came up, and declared Percy was right.

They played the game for over an hour. Sometimes even Percy did not think fast enough or run fast enough to avoid being it.

At last, when they grew tired of the sport, they all went up into the hayloft together.

The twins helped Percy up the ladder. They tumbled into the hay.

'You're all right,' said Al. 'You can run fine, and that's a bully game,'

'And you can spell "out of sight,"' said Bert.

'I'd rather be able to climb a tree, like you fellows, than spell any word I ever saw,' said Percy, modestly.

'Come on out then, and we'll teach you,' said the twins, in unison.—From 'St. Nicholas.'

Making Up.

Yes, Bessie an' I really quarrelled;
She wanted to play with the dolls,
And I wanted to ride on the 'teeter.'
Or play with our new croquet balls.

We argued and quarrelled and argued,
An' then Bessie gave up to me;
Then, of course, I gave up to Bessie,
'Cause she's the littlest, you see.

Well, somehow, our quarrel was over;
We kissed the bad feelin's away;
We played what we both of us wanted,
And then we were happy all day.
—'Selected.'

Little Boys and Little Sheep.

Joe came home with his clothes, and even his little curls, all wringing wet.

'Just knew the ice wasn't strong 'nough,' he grumbled.

'Then why did you slide?' asked aunty.

''Cause all the other boys did,' said Joe; 'so I had to, or they'd laugh.'

His aunt gave him dry clothes, set him down beside the stove, and made him drink hot ginger tea. Then she told him a story:

'When I was a little girl, Joe, my father had a great flock of sheep. They were queer things; where one went, all the rest followed. One day the big ram found a gap in the fence, and he thought it would be fun to see what was in the other field. So in he jumped,

without looking where he was going, and down he tumbled to the bottom of an old dry well, where father used to throw stones and rubbish. The next sheep never stopped to see what had become of him, but jumped right after, and the next, and the next, although father tried to drive them back, and Watch, the old sheep-dog, barked his very loudest. But they just kept on jumping and jumping, till the well was full. Then father had to pull them out as best he could; and the sheep at the bottom of the well were almost smothered to death.'

'Why! what silly fellows!' exclaimed Joe.

Then he looked up at his aunt and laughed.—'Youth's Companion'

Betty's Present.

Betty was a little poor girl—not very poor, so that she had to go without her breakfast or her dinner or her supper; no, she had her three meals a day and, even if the food was plain, there was plenty of it.

But all the same, Betty was poor, because she did not have pennies to spend as the other little girls did.

There was a lot of sunshine in Betty's yard and she loved the sun, for it was so bright and it did not cost money, either. If Betty loved sunshine, of course she just had to love flowers, for they belonged to the sun and loved it as much as she did. There was only one thing about flowers that Betty did not like and that was they cost money. Once when a few pence were given to her she had bought a package of sweet pea seeds and they had blossomed beautifully. She had saved the seed of her blossoms and now, for two years, she had been able to pick large bunches of sweet-peas each summer. But there was so much space left in her yard where the sun shone nearly all day—if she could only buy other kinds of seeds, what a lovely garden she could have!

It was Betty's Sunday-school teacher who was the first to find out how the little girl longed to have other flowers, and she thought of a plan to fill Betty's yard with blossoms.

The plan was saved up until the spring and then this is what happened.

The teacher came with nine rather long boxes tied up with pink ribbon and after the lesson was over she said:

'Now you know I have given you Easter cards or Easter eggs or furry Easter rabbits or fuzzy Easter chickens every year, haven't I?'

The little girls all said: 'Yes, Miss Avery.'

'This year I have a funny present for each of you. You may laugh, but I am sure you will like it, for it will keep you busy until next autumn, if you care to use it.'

Then she picked up one of the boxes, which seemed pretty heavy and untied the pink ribbon.

'This box happens to be marked for Betty Kellogg,' said she, 'so I shall explain her box and the rest of you will all know what is in yours.'

By this time the cover was off and inside they saw a lot of pink tissue-paper packages. Miss Avery took up the longest one, unrolled it and—well, they all did laugh, as she had said they would, only Betty's laugh was a most joyous one, for there was a garden trowel, not a toy one, but a real one, very shiny and with a strong wooden handle on it.

'Now,' said Miss Avery, 'some of you have gardens and some of you have not, but all of you have nice sunny yards. Even if you have gardens at home, I am sure you do not take all the care of them, and I want to see what you can do with a garden your own selves. Here is the beginning of a garden for each one of you. When the weather gets a little warmer you can plant the seeds that are done up in these packages.

'First get your father, or your gardener, if you have one, to dig up the ground for you, and after the dirt has been raked nice and smooth, take your trowels and plant your seeds. I have written on the seed packages some easy directions to follow, and I'm going to watch your gardens grow. First I shall come when the earth is all ready and your seeds are planted in it. Then, when you find the first sprouts, I shall come again, to see how they are starting out. I shall come also many times during the summer, to see if these trowels keep the weeds out and the earth dug up nicely round the roots of your plants, and maybe next year we shall try other seeds. Now let us see who can have a fine garden this year.'

She tied up Betty's box again, after showing the packets of seeds in it, and handed it to the happy little girl. Each one in the class marched out of the Sunday-school carrying a box, and each one made up her mind to have a garden that Miss Avery would be glad to see.

The gardens were a great success, but Betty's was the best of all, for she took the most pains with hers—perhaps because she had the fewest other pleasures of any of the class.—Blanche E. Wade, in 'North Western Christian Advocate.'

Our Mother.

If you could see our mother play
On the floor,
You'd never think she was as old
As twenty-four,
On Sunday, when she goes to church,
It might be;
But Tuesday she is just the age
Of Tot and me.
—'Bazar.'

Saved by Love.

Once some hungry wolves tried to kill some people in a sledge. They were so hungry that they were very fierce. The horses which were drawing the sledge ran as fast as they could, but they could not run fast enough.

So a faithful old servant said he would get out of the sledge and try to keep the cruel wolves back, while his master and mistress got safely away. Of course, the wolves killed him, but the others were saved.

Was he not a brave man? How much he must have loved his dear master and mistress!

But there is someone who loves us even more, and that is God. Jesus Christ, God's dear Son, came down from His bright home in heaven to die for us, that we might go there to live with Him for ever!

How He must love us! And should we not love Him and try to please Him?

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

LESSON VII.—MAY 14.

Jesus Prays for his Followers

John xvii., 15-26.

Golden Text.

I pray for them. John xvii., 9.

Commit verses 20, 21.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 8.—John xvii., 15-26.
Tuesday, May 9.—John xvii., 1-14.
Wednesday, May 10.—John xvi., 22-33.
Thursday, May 11.—I. Cor. xii., 1-14.
Friday, May 12.—I. Cor. xii., 15-31.
Saturday, May 13.—I. John v., 1-10.
Sunday, May 14.—I. John v., 11-21.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Jesus puts a period of his ministry with a prayer. It is the climax to all his preaching. The circumstances are pitiful. He is at the edge of Gethsemane, at the foot of Calvary. Yet there is no note of gloom or weakness. There is not even a cry for help.

One word in the middle of the prayer is really the key to it—'For their sakes.' It is a prayer of intercession. As a high priest he approached the majesty of heaven. The priest of the old dispensation carried the twelve tribes upon his bosom, graven in the precious stones of his breast-plate. The Priest of the new dispensation carried the holy apostles upon his heart. There is infinite dignity in his attitude. It is so remarkable that John breaks his custom and refers to the comparatively small incident of the upturned face. There is the repose of soul incident to the consciousness of a holy work thoroughly well done. The note is one of triumph. He presents to his Father the men whom he has trained for him.

The marvel of this prayer is that each part of it seems complete and separate, but in a moment one pours all its content and force into the next, and so on until the very heights of heaven are reached. The prayer for self is only made that it may be merged into a prayer for disciples, and that in turn for Church, and that for world.

It has been called the glorification prayer because of its first petition, 'Glorify Thy Son.' It relates to his own person. Yet there is no element of selfishness in it. He wishes only to reflect the glory of the Father, in order that through this reflection as many as possible should know the Father as the true God. The 'It is finished' of the cross is an echo of this serene and triumphant 'It is finished' of the prayer. This obedience, which completes to the last detail the work given by the Father, forms the basis of the petition which follows.

Jesus moves now in his prayer from self to disciples. The beginning and end of three years' ministry is compassed in fewest possible words. The commanding purpose was to make a number of chosen men acquainted with God and with himself as a Divine Messenger. In this he had been superbly successful. His heart's desire and prayer now is that the work of his ministry may be conserved. He does not pray in general terms for the world. He prays specifically for these men. He is conscious that his own exit from the world is very near. They are to be left behind with the invaluable deposit of his teaching. They must be kept inviolate or all is lost. It would be a superlative blunder to ask that they be taken out of the world with himself, for the very purpose of their training was that they might remain as the almoners of knowledge and grace—kept from evil, in the world, but not of it, sanctified through truth.

The prayer takes still another sweep, its final and widest. When the Intercessor cries, 'Neither pray I for these alone, but for them which shall believe through their word.' It is a petition for the Church which is to be. Incidentally it reveals the fact that there was no shadow of doubt upon Jesus' mind but that his disciples would make converts. As the prophet said he would, he 'sees his seed,' and prolongs in them his own shortened days. He prays for the unity and concord of the Church. And again, incidentally, he indicates that the realization of this ideal of harmony is the convincing argument to the world of the Divinity of his commission.

The prayer is without 'amen.' But there is no evidence of interruption. Instead of being broken off, it flowers out in radiance and fragrance. There is a beatific vision which Jesus entreats for the men whom God had given him. His heart's desire is that they may see his glory. The cross is the golden period to this incomparable prayer. The last affirmation is that he will declare his Father's name, but his ministry ends that hour. There are no further opportunities of preaching. How, then, will he make declaration? Is it not by his obedience unto death?

LIGHTS ON THE LESSON.

Some difficulties confront the reader. The prayer is the most misunderstood of Jesus' utterances. Spener believed it beyond comprehension. He quaintly said, 'It goeth beyond the measure of faith which the Lord is wont to impart to his disciples during their pilgrimage.' For this reason he never preached upon it or attempted an exposition of it; but when he was dying had it read to him three times.

At the same time it is among the most admired of Jesus' sayings. It is declared to have incomparable and crystalline simplicity, majestic repose, luminous transparency of thought, one flowing from another, forming a connected development, each explaining what precedes or being a further deduction. The inwardness of the East, the home of religion, seized and expressed with the precision of the West, the home of science. The analogy of the form and order to that which is commonly called the Lord's Prayer has been pointed out, but in point of fact the divisions are not mutually exclusive. They interpenetrate, so that it is possible to find several different arrangements, all of which may be correct.

But this lily of a prayer may be lost in the effort to dissect it. It is far more important that we should discover the spirit of the petition than its mechanical framework.

A crisis creates the prayer. It is no litany intoned at an arbitrary hour and by an ecclesiastic designated to perform the service. It is the voice of need which cannot pour itself into any form, however venerable, and which must, perforce, extemporize.

Jesus stands with the little group of men to whom he has made the greatest possible revelation, and whom he expects in their turn to be revealers of his truth. He must needs leave them. If they fail, all is lost. He knows what it means to be 'in the world,' and the world against one. He cries to heaven for these chosen men, that they may be kept and sanctified, and their unity preserved.

Getting out of the world, even if it is to 'go to heaven,' is not the most desirable of things. If the disciples had made their exit at the same time Jesus made his, the world would have been unblessed by their testimony.

Jesus was sent, and we are sent. An analogy maintains between the Master and ourselves. There is a Divine idea to be worked out in every human life. This lifts us above dumb and driven cattle. Jesus' example of fidelity to the uttermost is our inspiration.

NOTES FROM THE COMMENTARIES.

Not out of world: World's hatred true court-colors of Christians.—Luther. Jesus knew well what it was to be in the world.—Hofacker. I pray not that Thou should'st take them now at once with me out of the world.—Stier. That would secure them, but leave the world unblessed by their testimony.—J. F. B. The question must not be of their going out of the world with me, for I have much to do by their means—My kingdom to spread and my little flock to increase.—Luther. His prayer was for their protection, not for their withdrawal.—Westcott. Specific intercession for his own, whom he leaves behind, commencing with revelation proceeding through preservation unto holiness.—Stier. Sanctify them: Keep them was negative; sanctify is positive; asking advancement of the process begun.—J. F. B. The means of sanctification is the word of truth. (Acts xx., 32.)—Stier. For their sakes: I have altogether devoted and consecrated myself in their place and for their sake.—Semler. Sent into world: How could he send them into the world when they were in the world already? Because he had raised them to a sphere above the life of the world, and it was thence that he sent them into the world, as really as he had been himself sent from heaven.—Godet. But for them also: The consecration of the disciples and his sending them forth naturally suggests an enlargement of the Church and of his care.—Expositor's Greek. All one: This unity is infinitely more than unanimity, since it rests upon unity of spirit and life.—Tholuck. This unity has its true and only ground in faith in Christ through the Word of God as delivered by the apostles, and is therefore not mere outward uniformity, nor can such uniformity produce it. At the same time its effects are to be real and visible, such that the world may see them.—Alford. Perfect in one: The ideal of humanity which will be reached when men dwell together in perfect harmony. May behold my glory: In the sense of enjoying it. —New Century. Christ concludes with a brief review of the endearing and responsible relation in which he stands to his disciples, and the gracious purposes which he has still to accomplish in them.—Ibid.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 14.—Topic—Spirit-filled Christians. Acts ii., 1-4, 41-47.

Junior C. E. Topic.

A RIBBON FOR REMEMBRANCE.

Monday, May 8.—Remember past mercies. Ex. xiii., 3.

Tuesday, May 9.—Remember God's leading. Deut. viii., 1-6.

Wednesday, May 10.—Remember his marvellous works. I. Chron. xvi., 12.

Thursday, May 11.—Remember now thy Creator. Eccl. xii., 1.

Friday, May 12.—'We will remember.' Ps. xx., 7.

Saturday, May 13.—Put them in remembrance. II. Tim. ii., 14, 15.

Sunday, May 14.—Topic—A cord of blue; the value of reminders. Numbers xv., 37, 38, 39, first clause.

Carry Your Own Bible.

The habit of carrying a Bible publicly is in many ways a good thing for the one who carries it. Ralph Wells says that he has found a new gain in carrying his Bible through the street on Sunday. The newsboys used to offer him the Sunday paper on his way to church, but when they see his Bible under his arm they never ask him to buy a paper. But the greater gain is that it helps to fix and to strengthen a young person's Christian character. One of the best recommendations a young person could have, with me, of his fitness to lead a meeting would be that he carried his own Bible to the meeting well thumbed and marked.—Exchange.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

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Correspondence

Dear Boys and Girls,—To-day we are giving you a picture of one of yourselves. We were so pleased with it that we thought you would all like to see it, though some of you had to wait a little longer to see the pictures you had drawn reproduced.

I wonder how many of you have begun to get together a little money for a 'Messenger' cot in Dr. Grenfell's hospital? We can keep a cot occupied for fifty dollars for a whole year. You think that is a very large sum; but if five hundred boys and girls each sent ten cents (five two-cent stamps) we could take the cot. Perhaps some of you can interest others in the cot and they may add a little to your gift; perhaps you have more than ten cents that you would like to send, or it may be you have just a few cents, and you want to help the poor little children to be taken good care of. In any case, try and send in the money as quickly as possible, for we are looking for it as an answer to our question: 'Do the 'Messenger' boys and girls want a cot in one of Dr. Grenfell's hospitals?' If the money is less than fifty cents, send it in two-cent stamps; if more than fifty cents, send by postal order or money order.

Your loving friend,
CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

Burleigh, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I think I read some time ago in the 'Messenger' where you wanted the boys and girls to tell something about their grandparents, so I will try and tell a little about my great-grandfather, John C. My grandmother tells us about him sometimes. When he was about sixteen, in 1812, he and another young man were out walking in the evening in Kinghorn, Scotland, when the press gang came along and took him away and put him on a man-of-warship. He did not know how to work, as he had never done anything except go to school. After he had been on the ship some time, he got a chance to run away, but they caught him and took him back; he was marked on his arm and his cap and coat. Then when they were somewhere near Nova Scotia he got another chance to run away. He threw his cap away, and some man traded coats with him, and they never caught him again. After a long time he wrote back home, but never saw any of his family again. His brother came to look for him, but there was no railway then, and it was not easy to find anyone, so he went back to Scotland. He used to pay eight shillings and ninepence (about two dollars) to get a letter from home; afterwards letters were only about seventy-five cents. He lived in Nova Scotia till he learned a trade, and was married. He afterwards moved to Prince Edward Island, where my grandmother was born. She is nearly seventy-five years old now. We live with our grandfather and grandmother. I have two sisters and two brothers and mother. My father is dead. I hope my letter is not too long. I never wrote to the 'Messenger' before. My little sister wanted to write, but she only prints. I hope you can read her letter. She is sending a picture that my aunt took. I am ten years old.

ELMA H.

(The three following letters were crowded out las week.—Ed.)

Stevensville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, I will try now. I am in the senior fourth class. I had talked of trying the entrance this summer; but our school is stopped now, because our teacher has the measles. My brothers' names are Charles, Cyrus and Harold. My sister's name is Myra. I am the oldest. I am twelve years of age. I go to Sunday-school and to church. The church is on our place, and is only a few rods from our house. I have made a drawing of a 'Tea Party in the Woods.'

ANNIE E. W.

(Annie has drawn a very good subject. It is good for several reasons. For one thing, all the children are happy in the picture; at least, we suppose them to be very happy at a tea-party. Then every one is just about to do something which makes them more like real people and makes one more interested in them. Then she tells us they are in the woods, and we can hardly help seeing their mother packing up their lunch and telling them to bring little Freddie back in good time for his nap.—Cor. Ed.)

DEAR EDITOR
I CAN'T WRITE ~~M~~UCH
BUT I'LL SEND YOU
MY PICTURE AND

MY PET LAMB HER
NAME IS PEGGY
~~IT'S~~
TIDDIE!

Sharp, N.B.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I go to school in the summer, and I am in the first reader. We live two miles from the nearest store, and one mile from the Methodist meeting house. Our nearest railway station is five miles away. We have only been to the Methodist meeting once this winter. The snow is from four feet deep to six. I have one sister and one brother. Their names are Myrtle and Newton. I am ten years old, and my birthday is on March 2. My sister and I have sent pictures to the 'Messenger,' and we hope to see them in the paper. I like the 'Messenger.' I like the little folks' page and the correspondence page, and I like to see the drawings.

MARY M. S.

Cullister, Shetland, Scotland.

Dear Editor,—Since I have not seen a letter in the 'Messenger' from this part of the world for a long time, I thought I would write. Grandfather has received the 'Messenger' from a friend in Vancouver ever since I can remember. We all think that the 'Messenger' is a very nice paper, and we do not know how you can send it to Great Britain for such a small cost. I enclose a picture, and would like to see it reproduced, if possible.

DAVID S. (age 15).

(The elephant placing the man on his back is drawn by the above. We think the artist must be fond of books of adventure. The drawing was beautifully shaded; but, of course, that didn't come out in the printing, and you will all find it more satisfactory to send plain outlines with only a line or two here and there to show where you might have shaded it.—Cor. Ed.)

Wilmot, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' from my sister. I like to read it very much. As I do not see many letters from Prince Edward Island, I thought that I would write. My father is a farmer. Our farm is five and a half miles from the town of Summerside. Our house is about a quarter of a mile from the school. I have missed quite a number of days on account of snow storms. I am in the sixth reader, and my teacher's name is Miss S. We have had a great deal of snow this winter. Some of the oldest settlers say we have not had so bad a winter for about twenty-six years; the trains have been stopped for about two weeks on account of so much snow.

WINNIE E. W.

Hymer's, New Ont.

Dear Editor,—New Ontario is a very nice place. The land is divided in quarter-sections. We have one, and it has small timber, such as poplar, birch, pine, willow, spruce, tamarack, balsam and a few cedar. But you can get lots with large timber on. I have four brothers and three sisters. One of my brothers shot a moose a little while ago. He is fourteen years old. I saw a letter in the 'Messenger' from 'Clara A.' She said she was at the Port Arthur fair. I live about thirty miles from Port Arthur, on the C.N.R. track. A great deal of wild fruit grows here, such as raspberries, strawberries, saskatoons, gooseberries, currants, and a few huckleberries. I am not going to school now as it stopped last fall. We had a fine teacher, but she got married this winter. I was in the fourth reader, and I studied reading, writing, history, geography, physiology and temperance, spelling and drawing.

CLARENCE P. (age 12).

Daleaville, Que.

Dear Editor,—My papa gets the 'Messenger' every year for me, and I like to read the stories very much. I read a lot of books, too, among them being 'Ellen Montgomery's Book Shelf,' 'Daisy Dingle,' 'Paula Clyde,' 'Canadian Crystals,' and 'Black Beauty.' I have four brothers and three sisters. I am the youngest of the family.

ELIZABETH ALICE McG.

Winsloe, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I have the whooping-cough at present. We have had three extra large snowstorms this winter, which blocked up all the roads. The trains did not run, either, on account of the storms. I am twelve years old. We live on a farm of one hundred acres, six miles from the city of Charlottetown. It is very pleasant here in the summer, but the season is rather short. In summer the tourists come here by hundreds. Our mails are all carried now by the ice-boats, which makes them very irregular. The regular steamers have not got in for over a fortnight on account of the storm, but we hope in a week or two that they will be running again.

NELLIE HAZEL H.

Temperance.

Boy Smokers in Japan.

(The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.)

The following communication has been received by the secretary of the Scottish Anti-Tobacco Society in reply to a letter addressed to his Excellency the Japanese Minister as to the legislation at present in force in Japan for the restriction of the use and sale of tobacco to juveniles:

Japanese Legation, London, March 10, 1905.

Dear Sir,—I am directed by Viscount Hayashi to answer your letter of the 9th inst. There is such a law in Japan prohibiting persons in minority to smoke. The points of the stipulation are as follows:

(1) Persons in minority—that is, under twenty—are prohibited to smoke. If they are found smoking the police will confiscate the smoking instruments as well as the tobacco.

(2) If parents or guardians of youths under their knowledge allow their charges to smoke they will be punished with a fine not exceeding one yen (about two shillings).

(3) Tobacco dealers who under their knowledge sell smoking instruments or tobacco to a youth for his personal use will be punished with a fine not exceeding ten yen (about £1).

The above law passed the House March, 1900, and was subsequently promulgated.

Truly yours,

(Signed), TAKAYASHI.

An Easter Miracle.

(Cora G. Sadler, in the 'New Voice.')

(Concluded.)

Hardly were the words spoken when the door swung silently open, and a gaunt, ragged boy stood before him.

'I've come to show you these,' he said, in a dreamy voice, rolling back the miserable clothing and disclosing many livid and bleeding marks. 'When father came home from your place last night he beat me until he almost killed me. Perhaps he would if the neighbors hadn't heard me scream and rushed in. And yet father used to love us children and be kind to us. We used to have enough to eat and wear until you came here and opened the saloon. What right have you to take my father's money, so that we all go hungry?'

'Right, boy, what right?' The words came in an unnatural voice from the man's lips. 'I pay for my license to sell. If your father buys, that isn't my fault. Nobody makes him. If he lets me alone I will let him alone.'

'But he can't help it, with the sight and smell right near him all the time. If it wasn't there he wouldn't want it. Is it right to keep it before him?'

The boy was pushed aside and an old, bent man, with sparse, white locks and bleared eyes stood in his place. The manhood was gone from his face, the strength from his life. He trembled excessively as he extended a shaking hand.

'If it is hard for the young, who are strong in mind and body, to resist appetite, how much harder, think you, for the old men whose bodies are worn by time and disease? Yet I thought the old craving for drink was dead and I lived an honorable life for many years till you came. You put the liquor where I must pass it every day. Many nights I closed my eyes and held my breath to run past your door. But one day I drank, and now I must have it every day. Who stole the happiness from my home and my hope of heaven beside? My sin is heavy, heavy, but O—how great is your crime before God!'

A woman entered, haggard, ragged, desperate, her hand raised threateningly.

'Where is the money to buy food for my babes?' she demanded, sternly. 'And medicine for the one that is sick? But no,' her voice sank to a whisper as she bent nearer him, 'he will need no more medicine, for he died last night. Died in my arms while it rained, and there was no light. I don't know when he died, but when morning came he was dead.'

Another woman pushed her aside and confronted the stupefied man.

'Dead? Then may you be thankful, indeed, mother. But, O—my boy, my boy, that I cradled in these arms years ago, whose face I have kissed hundreds of times, whom I loved with all the strength of a mother's heart—do you know where my boy is to-day?'

He could not answer, only look at her intently and wait for her to go on.

'In a prison cell, sentenced for twenty years. He killed a man against whom he had no quarrel, but O—the drink crazed his brain and he knew not what he had done until he was told. Murder has been done, but, O—whose was the sin? Who was the one who gave him liquor?'

The man tried to answer, but his tongue seemed paralyzed. The accusing faces multiplied around him—desperate men, pale, haggard, deformed, and stunted children. The air was full of wailing and mourning.

An uncontrollable trembling seized him and the cold perspiration started from every pore. With a supreme effort he sprang from his chair, and awoke.

The Easter bells were ringing jubilantly, as if they would beat away sin and sorrow and heartache from the world.

Mr. Brainerd shivered. 'That was a frightful dream,' he muttered. 'Let's see. How many of them were there? Was Hurlstun's child in the dream or was she real? Mrs. Burns,' he called to the housekeeper as she passed.

'Sir?' She was standing on the threshold where the uninvited dream people had stood.

'Did you—er—has anybody been here to-day?'

'No one but John Hurlstun's little girl, sir.'

'No one else? Thank you. That will do.'

Left to himself, a strange influence took possession of him. He was still cold and terrified. He turned the key in the lock and began walking to and fro.

One, two hours. The bell rang for lunch, but he did not heed it. Three, four hours, in ever deepening agony of conscience. He unlocked a drawer from his desk and drew out a photograph of a young woman with a fair, sweet face.

'Twenty years,' he thought, 'since the earth hid her face from me. She died happy in her faith and praying for me. O for some light on the question of a hereafter!'

He placed another face beside the likeness of her who had been his wife—a kind, old face, his mother's.

'She, too, prayed for me,' he mused. 'Many times she told me that some day her prayers would be answered. What has come over me? What power controls me to-day? Is it superstition or is it—the Spirit of God?' Then a miracle was wrought. This hard, proud, and wicked man knelt by the window, his face in his hands, and of him it might be said, as of one of old, 'Behold, he prayeth.'

It was a very resolute man who, an hour later, knocked at the Hurlstun cottage. The house was full of men and women, who shrank back as he stepped into their midst.

'Friends,' he said, 'there will be no more liquor sold in the building yonder. To-morrow the sign shall be taken down and the room cleared for other purposes. To-day, this Easter Sabbath, God has shown me and forgiven me my sins, which are very great. The rest of my life shall be devoted, as far as possible, to undoing the misery I have caused. I have come to sit by Hurlstun to-night, and when this attack is over I will help him to regain his manhood. Some of you take the wife and child away and care for them. Clear the house and do not fear to leave me with this man.'

That night, striving to quiet the frenzy of a drunkard's delirium, was the seal to James Brainerd's vow. Nothing else could so fearfully have set his crime before him, and so humbled him with a sense of the greatness of God's mercy in forgiving sin like his.

Slowly John Hurlstun came back to life and manhood and the light returned to Katherine's eyes. The little home was beautified in many ways. The saloon was banished forever from Norton. On its site stands a memorial church, with its upward pointing cross, with its great window in rich tones, marvellously picturing the morning of the resurrection.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Best Things.

I said it on the meadow path,
I say it on the mountain stairs,
The best things any mortal hath
Are those that every mortal shares.

The grass is softer to my tread,
For rest it yields to unnumbered feet;
Sweeter to me the wild rose red,
Because she makes the whole world sweet.

And up the radiant, peopled way,
That opens into worlds unknown,
It will be life's delight to say,
'Heaven is not heaven to me alone.'

—Exchange.

The Other Side.

Under this heading, the New York 'Christian Herald' gives a very fair presentation by one of its readers of a subject that is always of practical interest, particularly to town and city people. Parents might well think over this view of the question. The letter says:—

I have been reading much of late in criticism of the long-suffering landlord and hotel-keeper, as to their refusal to consider as applicants 'families with children.' Is there not a word to be said in their defence? Is there not 'method in their madness?'

Having been brought up in an atmosphere of house and apartment letting, I am inclined to believe there is. My early home was in a large city, where my school years were passed, but all holidays and vacations were spent with my grandparents in a neighboring town. My grandfather was a real-estate owner, and was continually repairing tenements for reletting. I can well remember my childish delight when allowed to assist in the selection of wall-paper and 'bordering,' as it was then called, samples of which were sent from the shops for grandma's approval, as her taste in such matters (as in all others, we thought—dear old grandma) was unquestionable.

In those days the 'bordering' had to be cut and trimmed about the pattern before it could be applied, and as this made too much delay in the busy paperer's valuable time, grandma, two aunties, and my own dear mother, would sit down after breakfast, and instead of the usual sewing or reading, would all 'cut bordering.' How important and happy I was when a full roll of the pretty-colored border was given me to cut all by myself, and how proudly I would compare my work with that of the others, to my own entire satisfaction. The conversation at such times would naturally turn to the subject of repairs, the frequency and expense of which was deplored, because necessitated by the Browns' or the Smiths' lawless children, who had been allowed to run riot, tear off wall paper, dig into paint, and otherwise behave to the detriment of things in general.

Then, too, the garden space at the front and the rear of the house, which grandfather had tried to make beautiful for the benefit of his tenants, would present a sorry appearance; bushes pulled up and flowers strewn about, apparently for the pure pleasure of destroying something.

Even as I write, a sad-faced young friend comes in to tell me of some repairs she is obliged to make on her house (and which she can ill afford), because the family to whom she rented it had children who were little vandals. Not long since, my friend lost a husband who was her constant companion and friend. This house had been their happy home. It was discouraging enough to be obliged to leave it, and see it occupied by careless strangers.

I have in mind a demure little maid of two summers, whose home is in an apartment house in which I have an interest. No one objects to the presence of this sweet little lady (who was

Old Men and Women Do Bless Him.

Thousands of people come or send every year to Dr. D. M. Bye for his Balmy Oil to cure them of cancer and other malignant diseases. Out of this number a great many very old people, whose ages range from seventy to one hundred years, on account of distance and infirmities of age, send for home treatment. A free book is sent, telling what they say of the treatment. Address the home office, Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Drawer 505, Indianapolis, Ind. If not afflicted, cut this out and send it to some suffering one.

born in the house, which accounts for her presence in rooms not usually rented to 'families with children') for her mamma, grandma, auntie and nurse have taught her to respect the rights of other people. I can see her now as she trotted about the place last summer fondly patting the flowers and putting her little nose down to catch their fragrance, not offering to pick one, though she well knew she was welcome to as many as she chose to ask for.

We blame the children; we blame the landlords and the hotel-keepers, when, after all, if we went to the root of the matter, should we not censure the parents? The time is at hand when they will not only see the desirability and importance, but also the actual necessity of looking after the manners of their children, for not all fathers and mothers of large families are owners of fat pocketbooks. If they cannot buy or build houses of their own, they must occupy those owned by other people, the renting of which means in many cases their only income, and to whom every dollar expended for needless repairs is just one more forfeiture of a needed and reasonable comfort. A small corner of my grandfather's mantle has fallen on my own shoulders, and at present I am in sympathy with the much abused landlords who do not rent rooms to 'families with children.'—Carrie Allen Reed.

Selected Recipes.

Toast Meringue for Invalids.—Make a slice of thin, evenly browned toast, and dip it for an instant into freshly boiling salted water. Have ready in a small saucepan three tablespoonfuls of milk and a piece of butter the size of a hazel nut. When hot, stir in the white of an egg beaten stiff, just long enough to heat it through. Pour it immediately over the toast and carry quickly, on a hot, covered plate to the invalid.

Creamed Orange.—Dissolve half a box of gelatine in half a cupful of water, half a cupful of sugar, and the juice of one lemon. Mix thoroughly and strain. When the jelly has set, it should be thin—not more than half as firm as most jellies. Peel and cut in small pieces four to six oranges. Stir these pieces well into the jelly, half fill custard glasses, and put on top of each a large spoonful of whipped cream, sweetened and slightly flavored with vanilla.

A pretty dish for the fish course is suggested by a Norwegian cook, who always bakes it in a mould which is fish-shaped. Shred a couple of pounds of fresh halibut or codfish, freeing it from skin and bones. Mortar it until it is fine and smooth, and add to it two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, three well-beaten eggs, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of salt and a few dashes of pepper. Stir in enough milk or cream to make a thick batter. Turn it into the greased mould, cover tightly and put it in boiling water and cook for two hours. After the fish is turned on a hot platter, garnish it with slices of tomato and parsley and serve at once with anchovy or egg sauce.

An old English recipe for rice pudding is as follows: Cover one cupful of rice with cold water and let it soak for four hours. At the end of the time drain it and put it into a buttered pudding dish. Add a quart of milk and three-quarters of a cupful of sugar and put it into a very slow oven. In about half an hour add two more cupfuls of milk, and at the end of an hour two cupfuls again. Then about four hours are required for baking the pudding. A bay leaf is used for flavoring by old-time cooks, but because so few like this flavor for sweet dishes vanilla or almond extract is better. This is a dessert especially appropriate for Monday, because it is little trouble.

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